THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 1, 1804.

Memoirs of Mrs. Cornelly, the celebrated Prieſteſs of Faſhion.

WHEN deſtructive amuſements ſteal among ſociety, in defiance of the guardians of our morality, it is neceſſary to hold them up to public view, for the animadverſion of ſuch as are likely to ſuffer from its influence.

" Vice needs but to be ſeen to be abhorr'd."

And admitting this principle, every attack upon our rational manners is better reſiſted by expoſure than ſuppreſſion. It is no extenuation of vicious actions to ſay they are upheld by faſhion. Blindly to follow this changeable divinity, and enter with her into her paradiſe of fools, is ſeldom the way to a happy end, as many miſerable men can at this moment teſtify.

The lady we are about to delineate was this goddeſs; her orgies were the heaven of the diſſipated. At her fane, the libertine could indulge uninterruptedly in ephemeral gratifications. With her, the voluptuary might aſpire to the zenith of his wiſhes; and the thoughtleſs bacchanalian drown his few intelleſts in the moſt coſtly productions of the vineyards, or without apprehenſion of a ſpy upon his conduct, revel away the night, and inſult the bluſhing ſtar of the morning.

Mrs. Cornelly, the ſubject of the following memoir, was by birth a German, and at a very early age became a public ſinger: ſhe was the delight of Dreſden, and in high eſtimation at the imperial court, from whence ſhe went into Italy, and ſoon acquired, under the beſt maſters, thoſe inexpreſſible graces, for which no country is ſo juſtly celebrated. About forty years ſince, ſhe

came to England in the ſuite of a Britiſh nobleman, who had promiſed her his protection. Being of an enterpriſing ſpirit, poſſeſſing a good underſtanding, great knowledge of mankind, and of ſpecious manners, Mrs. Cornelly preſently contrived to raiſe herſelf into public notice, and obtained the patronage of the faſhionable world to all the amuſements her taſte and fancy could ſuggeſt. She had now laid the foundation to her fortune, and to make that deſirable object complete, opened a magnificent temple in Soho-ſquare, and called it after the name of her firſt benefactor, Carliſle-houſe. Her ſplendid ſcenes ſoon became the favourite reſort for the nobility and faſhionables within the metropolis. She had ſo diverſified, and ſo well contrived her amuſements, that no public place could pretend to rival their attraction, and ſhe was now in a way of proſperity beyond her moſt ſanguine expectations; but not contented, like the fool in the fable, with her golden egg every day, ſhe killed her gooſe to ſeize at once upon immenſity. In addition to her already unrivalled brilliancy, ſhe introduced harmonic meetings, becoming, at once a competitor with the managers of the opera, who took the alarm, and ſtrove by every means in their power to counteract the ſucceſſes of ſo formidable a rival. A part of her friends preſently withdrew themſelves, and thoſe attached to the intereſts of the opera managers on the ruins of the old ſcavoir vivre club in Pall Mall, raiſed the new coterie; ſubſcriptions came in from elevated quarters to ſupport this new temple of faſhion and pleaſure, and in leſs than three weeks their fund amounted to four thouſand pounds; Chin Hughes was made their croupier, and Captain Harry C——— they placed at the head of the treaſury. This was the firſt ſhock, and Mrs. Cornelly felt it; but, like a ſkilful general, forced for a moment to retreat, ſhe ſoon rallied her forces, attacked the enemy in the moſt vulnerable part, and gained a complete victory. The lady ſmiled upon the treaſurer. Mrs. Cornelly rejoiced at the ſucceſs of her plan, but her exultation was of ſhort duration; for the opera manager, enraged at the defeat, lodged an information againſt her for unlawful proceedings before the Bow-ſtreet magiſtrates; in conſequence of which, notice was privately ſent from Sir J. Fielding to Mrs. Cornelly, acquainting her that application of a ſerious nature had been made reſpecting the impropriety and unlawfulneſs of her amuſements, recommending her to regulate her conduct in future, or Mrs. Cornelly would hear from Bow-ſtreet in another way. From this condeſcenſion on the ſide of the magiſtrate, the lady concluded ſhe might deal, with ſafety, the card that generally turns up a trump. A purſe was delivered to a truſty friend, with a letter addreſſed to Sir John Fielding, requeſting his acceptance of the ſum within, and that his worſhip would be pleaſed not to be too ſevere in looking into the conduct of a defenceleſs woman, who only endeavoured to gratify the wealthy,

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the high, and the faſhionable, and from whoſe amuſements the lower orders of ſociety were wholly excluded. But Fielding was incorruptible; and, inſtead of accepting the purſe, ſent his *poſſe* at a moſt unfortunate moment, for the promenade was juſt begun. The variegated lamps for that night were doubled, and fed with a moſt delicious perfume, equal to Egyptian luxury, where pleaſure prepared the banquet for a Cleopatra:

> Out of the earth a fabric huge
> Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
> Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
> ———From the arch'd roof,
> Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
> Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets fed
> With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielding light
> As from a ſky.

In the middle of the area was raiſed a capacious bower, compoſed of vine leaves and artificial roſes, in the centre of which ſtood an altar with a flame thereon. At a ſignal from the band a large group of maſkers, compoſed of gentlemen performers from the theatres, and others, entered like Comus and his crew. Mr. Vernon ſang an anacreontic compoſed for the occaſion, the reſt the chorus, and thus the firſt ſcene ended.

The company were ſuperb and numerous, the maſques whimſical, and every thing in the higheſt taſte. At the top of the walk was a hermitage, from the ſide of which iſſued a real caſcade; from this receſs Guadani, the ſinger, came forth, attired as the hermit of the cave; his ſong was charming, but, alas! juſt in the middle of his quavers, the police officers, entered, and bore him off in a manner ſo theatrical, that the company conceived the attack part of the enemy's entertainment. However, Guadani got bail, and was liberated, on a promiſe of never appearing again as a public character in theſe Soho amuſements. But to return, the bacchanalian crew had been joined by Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Daiſey Walker, and Mr. Fitzgerald, and commenced the third act by approaching the altar where the flame was burning; each man held a torch in his right hand and a goblet in his left, and on a ſignal being given for the dance, they ſuddenly thruſt in their torches, which were quickly lighted. The revels then began; their cups overflowed with wine, and what with their ſinging, dancing, and drinking, nothing could be more ridiculous or diſpleaſing; however, had they contented themſelves to ſtop here, no notice had been taken, but there was no method in their madneſs. They all, as if moved by one impulſe, ruſhed from the bower, and flew to the ſquare. It had ſtruck five o'clock, and a long train of Calvert's drays were going on their occaſional duty: the bacchanalian maſques fell upon

the drivers, beating them with their lighted flambeaux till a general engagement enſued, the guardians of the night were gone away, the noiſe increaſed, the inhabitants were alarmed, up went the windows, and though at that early hour, all was mob, riot, and confuſion; victory, however, declared in favour of the knights of the bung, who played their parts ſo well with their horſe-whips, that Fitzgerald and Walker were completely flogged out of their ſhoes, for they were ſeen retreating down Greek-ſtreet bare-footed, and as faſt as their legs could carry them. My lord loſt a jewelled repeater, of 1800 guineas, and the men in twilly armour drove away in triumph; and many of our young gentry and green ſprigs of nobility got a drubbing, that probably they may remember to the laſt day of their lives.

To return to the temple. By this time the company had diſappeared, except a few young men of quality, who had found their way under ground, and continued drinking till nine o'clock. Nothing could ſhame the inebriety of theſe deluded fools; and though the ſun put the variegated lamps out of countenance, yet nothing could ſhame theſe inordinate topers. Perhaps few noticed the beauty of the effect, but the conſcious ſhame which the lamps confeſſed, upon the approach of the great luminary of day, was very pleaſing; they diminiſhed in their luſtre as the ſun advanced in his. It was a good moral for thoſe who choſe to adopt it.

The reputation of Mrs. Cornelly began rapidly to decline, and the pantheon opening in all its ſplendour, now put the period to that lady's conſequence; her creditors began to grow clamorous, and ſhe was at length obliged to relinquiſh the concern, and ſeek in concealment a refuge from legal proſecution. She remained in obſcurity for many years, under the name of Mrs. Smith; and here our readers will no doubt learn with ſurpriſe, not unmixed with riſibility, the ſtrange tranſition in her fate; for ſhe who had been ſo long the leader of faſhion, became literally the ſuperintendant of aſſes, for ſhe kept a houſe at Knightſbridge, and was a vender of aſſes milk.

In this ſituation ſhe ſtill retained a deſire of reſuming her former purſuits, and for this purpoſe ornamented a ſuite of rooms, in order to have occaſionally a public dejeune for people of faſhion. The manners of the times, however, were changed; her taſte had not adapted itſelf to the variations of faſhion; and after much expence employed in gaudy and frivolous embelliſhments, ſhe was obliged to abandon her new ſcheme, and find out an aſylum from her creditors. She had a ſon and a daughter, to whom ſhe gave all the accompliſhments of modern education. The ſon was tutor to Lord Pomfret. He was a very amiable man, and an excellent ſcholar; this gentleman allowed his mother an annuity till his death. The daughter is ſtill alive, under

another

another name, and has long been patroniſed by ſome noble families, who knew her mother in better days. The Lady Cowper left her an annuity, and her muſical talents ſtill procured her an eaſy introduction into the beſt circles, but the unfortunate Mrs. Cornelly ended her life in the Fleet priſon.

Such was the fate of this once celebrated woman of faſhion, whoſe melancholy exit holds forth warning to imprudence, for with common diſcretion ſhe might have cloſed her life in affluence.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

CRIM. CON.

The Reverend CHARLES MASSY *verſus* the MARQUIS of HEADFORT.

(Concluded from Page 252.)

MR. QUINN ſtated the caſe for the defendant. He inſiſted that the plaintiff was a careleſs and negligent huſband; that Mrs. Maſſy was young, volatile, and giddy; beautiful and vain, of uncommon levity of diſpoſition, and addicted to the love of dreſs, even beyond the ordinary paſſion of her ſex. She paſſed, he ſaid, months at the houſes of ſingle gentlemen, unaccompanied or unattended, ſave occaſionally by the plaintiff; and at Galway in particular, where ſhe went on an excurſion, the attentions of a military man of rank became ſo remarkable, and her encouragement ſo glaring, that her own connections found it neceſſary to ſnatch her from the ſpot, as from impending infamy, and hurried her to Limerick. Thus engaged in faſhionable life, defendant met her firſt at the races of Limerick, then at the races of Mallow, unattended by the plaintiff at either place; the attentions of a man of ſuch ſuperior rank were too flattering to be declined; they paſſed under public obſervation at all places of public and private faſhionable reſort, the eyes of all companies were fixed upon them, and her reception of them being too obvious to paſs unmarked, became the ſubject of general converſation. She avowed to her relations her attachment to the defendant, and her determination to go off with him.

Colonel Pepper ſaw Mrs. Maſſy, ſome time in September or October laſt, at the races of Limerick; often met her at the marquis's and elſewhere; dined with her at the marquis's; does not recollect poſitively whether other ladies were always in company; but, to the beſt of his recollection, dined with her there when ſhe was the only female preſent. Mr. Charles

Maſſy

Maſſy was not always of the party. Theſe dinners were at the earl of Limerick's houſe, in which the marquis reſided. He knew Mrs. Maſſy to remain there after dinner. Mrs. Maſſy appeared very fond of dreſs. Witneſs met the plaintiff in company with his wife at the marquis of Headfort's. The latter paid her much attention in the huſband's preſence, and ſhe ſeemed much flattered by it. His attentions were ſo marked, that they drew the obſervation of the gentlemen at the table.

The company were generally compoſed of the officers of the marquis of Headfort's regiment.

CROSS-EXAMINED BY MR. CURRAN.

Q. You are a young man, colonel?—A. Yes, I am young.

Q. Pray, colonel, how long ſince the marquis left college?—A. I can't tell.

Q. You and the marquis were in college together, were you not? A. No.

Q. Pray how ſtands the account with the calendar?—A. I have taken no calendar of his age, but he is pretty far advanced.

Q. Are there not a few white memoranda on his forehead; a few grey hairs, colonel—was he not grey before he was good?—A. He is grey.

Q. You have heard him talk of action, paſſion, and ſo forth, on the general topic of gallantry?—A. Sometimes.

Q. Could you give a rough gueſs at the number of ſaints on his calendar, or how many Beſſys or Pollys he may have drank bumpers to? (On witneſs heſitating) I ſee, colonel, it is very well; I reſpect a ſoldier's taciturnity on ſubjects of this ſort.—(No anſwer.)

Q. Some of thoſe ladies were married, ſome unmarried, colonel?—A. Yes, ſome were and ſome were not.

Q. Was it not mortifying to his vanity to talk of his being ſo unfortunately ſeduced? (No anſwer.) Is he not vain of theſe gallantries of his?—A. I cannot ſay I perceived it.

Q. Has he not boaſted of them?—A. I never heard him, that I recollect.

Q. The marquis is very rich, has a very large fortune.—A. He has, Sir.

Q. The marquis is married, and has a wife, a very amiable woman?—A. He has.

Q. How many children has he?—A. He has two grown up, and two young ones; he has a ſon not yet gone to college.

Q. Did not other ladies dine at Lord Headfort's when Mrs. Maſſy dined there?—A. I have ſeen other ladies alſo dine there on theſe occaſions, and alſo at the biſhop's houſe.

Q. How nearly connected is the biſhop's wife to Mrs. Maſſy?—A. She is her ſiſter.

Q. The biſhop's is next door to Lord Limerick's, in which Lord Headfort reſided?—A. It is.

Q. Is it not natural, from the ill ſtate of the biſhop's health, that her ſiſter ſhould have attended her?—A. It was, in my opinion, perfectly natural.

Q. Do you conceive that a woman living next door to a man of fifty would be equally criminal in viſiting him as ſhe would a man of twenty-five?—A. I do not think there is much difference.

Q. Were there not many ladies of diſtinction preſent at theſe dinners?—A. There were.

Q. Give me leave, colonel, to aſk what do you call marked attentions? for inſtance, if a gentleman ſhould aſk a lady, "Madam, permit me to pour a little melted butter on your greens;" if he ſhould aſk her to take a glaſs of wine with him; would you call theſe marked attentions?—A. No.

Q. Pray, colonel, be ſo good to ſhew the manner in which it ſhould be done?—A. The attentions were ſuch as to make her ſmile.

Q. Do you not believe that Mrs. Maſſy is now living with the marquis in England publicly?—A. I believe ſhe is.

Q. Do you not believe that he bore her off in his own carriage publicly, without diſguiſe?—A. Yes, I have heard it, and I believe it.

Q. by the court. You ſay the marquis of Headfort paid Mrs. Maſſy marked attentions; were they ſuch as a huſband ſhould have diſapproved?—A. They were.

Q. by Mr. Curran. There was no touch of the perſon?—A. None I ſaw.

Q. by a Juror. Was the plaintiff ever preſent when thoſe marked attentions were paid by the defendant to Mrs. Maſſy?—A. He was.

G. EVANS BRUCE, ESQ. EXAMINED BY MR. GOOLD.

Q. Are you acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Maſſy?—A. I am.

Q. How long?—A. Very long with Mr. Maſſy; ſince marriage only with Mrs. Maſſy.

Q. How long have you known the marquis of Headfort?—A. Six or ſeven years.

Q. Did the marquis of Headfort know the plaintiff before he came to Limerick.—A. No.

Q. Had you any opportunity of knowing Mrs. Maſſy and the marquis of Headfort?—A. Many.

Q. Did the marquis of Headfort pay attentions to Mrs. Maſſy in preſence of Mr. Maſſy?—A. He did.

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Q. Were they the ſame as he paid other ladies?—A. No. They were marked attentions.

Q. When did the marquis of Headfort ſee Mrs. Maſſy?—A. Firſt time I ever ſaw them together was before the races of Limerick, at dinner at the biſhop's.

Q. Were you laſt ſummer at the races of Mallow?—A. I was.

Q. Was the marquis of Headfort there?—A. He was. I ſaw him with Mrs. Maſſy at the aſſembly.

Q. Did Mr. Maſſy go with her?—A. He did. He left her there the firſt period, and went away.

Q. Did Mrs. Maſſy go to the public rooms while at Mallow?—A. I met her there.

Q. Did you obſerve Mrs. Maſſy expenſively dreſſed?—A. About ſix weeks before her elopement, ſhe wore very expenſive trinkets, particularly a large necklace and ear-rings. I think a topaz.

Q. Did her huſband obſerve them?—A. He muſt.

Q. Did Mr. Maſſy obſerve thoſe attentions?—A. He was preſent when I ſaw what I conſidered attentions.

Q. Did you take any ſtep to inform Mr. Maſſy of thoſe attentions?—A. In conſequence of what Mrs. Maſſy told me, I informed her ſiſter, and the biſhop, and his brother, of her intention to elope.

Q. After this information, was the marquis of Headfort allowed to viſit Mrs. Maſſey?—A. He was.

Q. Did the biſhop do any thing in conſequence of your information?—A. He wrote a letter addreſſed to Mr. Maſſy, which I delivered to him.

Q. Did Lord Headfort ſee her after that, and where?—A. Yes. He did at Summer-hill, at her huſband's houſe.

Q. Do you remember her returning from Limerick with him in his carriage to Summer-hill *tete-a-tete*?—A. I do. When I ſaw them they were *tete-a-tete*.

Q. Was this before or after the delivery of the letter?—A. Before.

Q. Did Mr. Maſſy ſee the marquis of Headfort after being in the carriage?—A. Often ſaw him—after, at Summer-hill.

Q. Did you ſee the marquis of Headfort at Donaſs?—A. Often.

Q. How long before elopement was it that you ſaw them in the carriage?—A. About three weeks.

Q. How long did the marquis of Headfort, after the carriage ſcene, dine at Donaſs?—A. I dined with him there two days after.

Q. Do you remember any day Mrs. Maſſy was left alone at Summer-hill?—A. Yes. The day previous to the elopement I

dined at Donaſs, I walked with Mr. Charles Maſſy from his own houſe to Donaſs. The marquis of Headfort was not there.

Q. Are you related to Mrs. Maſſy.—A. I am.

Q. Did ſhe ſeem to you a woman of levity?—A. Always gay in her manner, and dreſſed remarkaby well.

Q. Did you ever ſee any body elſe ſhew Mrs. Maſſy any marked attention?—A. I have by more than one, beſides the marquis of Headfort.

Q. Were thoſe attentions a topic of public converſation?—A. In one inſtance I know they were.

Q. Was this before ſhe knew the marquis of Headfort?—A. It was before.

CROSS-EXAMINED BY MR. CURRAN.

Q. You are an intimate friend of the marquis of Headfort's?—A. Of late very intimate, ſince he came to Limerick; but, before that, I knew him during the rebellion at Waterford.

Q. How long before the elopement did you know of its likelihood to take place?—A. About two months.

Q. How long before, in conſequence of what the marquis of Headfort told you?—A. He never ſpoke to me on the ſubject.

Q. Did you know it would take place the day it did?—A. I did not.

Q. Was not Mrs. Maſſy, always neat in her dreſs?—A. Always remarkably ſo.

Q. What time of day was it you ſaw her in the carriage alone with the marquis of Headfort?—A. In the middle of the day, near Dean Croſbie's.

Q. Was it extraordinary to ſee a lady with a man of fifty?—A. No.

Q. Was not Mr. Maſſy highly inflamed when he heard of it?—A. I am ſure he was.

Q. Don't you believe he prevented her from going to Limerick after that?—A. I do not. She was in Limerick after that; how often, I do not recollect.

Q. Don't you believe Mr. Maſſy was exceſſively attached to this unhappy woman?—A. I always thought ſo.

Q. Don't you believe his harſh reprimand of her proceeded from extreme fondneſs for her?—A. I always thought he loved her very much.

Q. Was it not his fondneſs for her made him oppoſe his father, and ſacrifice his proſpects from him?—A. I believe it was.

Q. Did Sir Hugh Dillon Maſſy offer to ſettle 1100l. a year upon him if he married a lady of his chooſing?—A. Sir Hugh could do ſo, and was diſpoſed to do every thing for his children.

Q. Did plaintiff forbid the marquis of Headfort his houſe?—A. I heard he did from one gentleman, who ſaid he only heard it, and I believe he did.

Q. You doubt the truth of it, becauſe you ſaw the marquis of Headfort at the houſe?—A. Yes.

Q. Is not Limerick a calumniating place, and deals more in poetry than in hiſtory?—A. Never knew a ſmall town that was not, and Limerick is as much ſo in proportion as any other.

Q. Do you believe, on your oath, as a man of honour, and in the preſence of your country and your God, that plaintiff connived at the conduct of his wife?—A. I believe not—I am ſure he was incapable of it—his fault was more of the head than the heart.

Mr. George Ponſonby made a very able ſpeech to evidence on the part of the defendant; and Mr. Curran addreſſed the jury on behalf of the plaintiff with his uſual eloquence.

Baron Smith then proceeded to recapitulate the evidence as it appeared upon his notes; and, having done ſo, cloſed his charge without any further obſervations on the law.

Trial laſted twelve hours.—Verdict for the plaintiff, 10,000l. at twelve o'clock at night, with coſts.

A Geographical, Hiſtorical, and Political View of the Iſland of St. Domingo.

(Continued from Page 249.)

MANY affirmed that the iſland was ſold to the Engliſh; and that the aſſembly had divided among themſelves forty millions of livres as the purchaſe money. Theſe charges, though unſupported, occaſioned ſome of the weſtern pariſhes to recal their deputies; and, indeed, the inhabitants of Cape Francois took meaſures more deciſive ſtill; for they renounced obedience to the general aſſembly, and preſented a memorial to the governor, requiring him to diſſolve it immediately; adding that they conſidered the colony as loſt, if he did not, with a vigorous promptitude, deprive that body of all authority.

This was truly realiſing the fable of the ſtomach or body at war with its members. It was the policy of both parties, as affairs ſtood, to reject all endeavours at compromiſe; and indeed an incident occurred at this juncture which muſt have made any ſuch attempt fruitleſs. The Leopard, a ſhip of the line commanded by M. Galiſoniere, lay in the harbour of Port au Prince; and, as this officer co-operated with the views of the governor, he made a ſplendid entertainment for thoſe of his party, and by this ſtep gave offence to his ſailors, who withdrew their obedience from him, and declared themſelves to be in the intereſts of the

the colonial aſſembly. The captain was obliged to quit the ſhip, and the crew gave the command to the lieutenant. The aſſembly reſolving to turn this event to their advantage, ſent a vote of thanks to the ſeamen for what they termed patriotic conduct; and required them, in the name of the law and the king, to detain the ſhip, and wait farther orders. The ſailors in exultation affixed the vote of thanks to the mainmaſt of the ſhip. The navy and military were now taking their reſpective ſtands. Some of the latter, in the intereſt of the aſſembly, forcibly poſſeſſed themſelves of a powder magazine at Leogane; and thus the preparations for a civil war commenced on both ſides. Two days after the vote of thanks had been tranſmitted from St. Marc's to the crew of the Leopard, the governor iſſued a proclamation to diſſolve the general aſſembly, pronouncing the members traitors to their country, and declaring his intention to employ all the force he was maſter of to defeat their projects, and bring them to condign puniſhment; and he called on all officers, civil and military, to aid him in his reſolution. The firſt ſkirmiſh took place at Port au Prince, where the committee of the weſtern provincial aſſembly was held: the members had manifeſted an attachment to the general aſſembly. M. Mauduit undertook to arreſt theſe gentlemen, and he ſelected about a hundred of his ſoldiers, and commenced the enterprize. On arriving, however, at the houſe, he found it defended by four hundred of the national guards: all therefore he could do, after an action wherein two men were killed on one ſide, and about ſix or eight wounded on the other, was to bear off in triumph the national colours. This victory was one of the circumſtances, among others, which coſt the chevalier his life. Both parties collected a formidable force, and ſtrange to behold, that, although the freedom of the mulattoes and blacks was the chief cauſe of the contention, men of colour were to be ſeen in both armies. An obſtinate and bloody conflict was every moment expected to commence; when, by one of thoſe wonderful events which are ſcarcely ever witneſſed but in times of public commotion, the general aſſembly determined to make a voyage to France in the ſhip Leopard, and there juſtify their conduct in perſon. No leſs than eighty-five of the one hundred members, to which number ſickneſs had reduced them, actually embarked for the mother country; a proceeding which created as much aſtoniſhment in the governor and his party as admiration among the people.

Such was the reſult of the firſt attempt to eſtabliſh a free conſtitution in this iſland upon the baſis of a limited monarchy. But, ſuppoſing neither party had ſo much deviated from the rule of right, and had not conſidered the outrages of the other as a juſtification of their own, it is ſcarcely poſſible that any conſtitution upon a kingly foundation could have long exiſted; for the mother country was faſt verging to republicaniſm, it having

been reſolved among its moſt popular reformers to try at all riſques that kind of government. A momentary calm enſued upon the departure of the members of the council; but as the governor was reſolved to try to reſtore the antient deſpotiſm, he was meditating in their abſence how beſt to effect it: he diſtruſted the fidelity of the French ſoldiers to his meaſures, and therefore made application to the governor of the Havannah for a reinforcement of Spaniſh troops from Cuba. The Spaniards lent the governor ſome ſmall force in troops, from which, however, his partizans derived no advantage. The unhappy perſons left to their defence were in ſeveral inſtances abandoned in a critical moment to the fury of their enemies. The ſucceſſor of M. Peyneir, however, commencing his adminiſtration with vigour, made a peremptory demand of the unfortunate Ogé, whom we have before mentioned, as alſo of his brothers and other aſſociates, among whom was one of the name of Chavane.

One of the greateſt reproaches the new governor incurred was for the cruel death he inflicted on no leſs than twenty of the above perſons at one time. The laſt named perſon among the malecontents was a young man of uncommon ſpirit and underſtanding. This lieutenant as well as his leader were adjudged by M. Blanchelande to be broken alive, and left to periſh in that dreadful condition on the wheel!! Who can reflect on ſuch a ſentence without emotions of indignation and horror? The writer of this article ſaw the ſame governor bend to the axe of the revolutionary guillotine. He did not however die with the firmneſs of Chavane. That brave young man met his fate without ſuffering a groan to eſcape him, even in the extremity of his torture; whereas the fortitude of the marquis de Blanchelande left him as ſoon as he ſaw the ſcaffold.

The tranquillity which ſucceeded the departure of the colonial members was of ſhort duration. Rigaud, who had placed himſelf at the head of the mulattoes in the quarter of Aux Cayes, declared it was a deceitful calm, and that no peace would be permanent until one claſs of people had exterminated the other. This opinion has been diffuſed from leader to leader, even to the preſent chief of the blacks, Deſſalines: and ſo fully has he acted up to the ſhocking ſentiment, that there is every reaſon to believe very few of the vanquiſhed claſs are left alive on the iſland, except as ſlaves, or as objects for the gratification of the paſſions!! We are informed, however, that this ſecond Atilius, as he conceives he ſhall be conſidered, has iſſued a decree, forbidding any man of colour from retaining a white woman as a miſtreſs.

We do not think it neceſſary to relate half the ſhocking circumſtances accompanying the civil war, now extended to every part of this heretofore flouriſhing iſland. To dwell upon them would

would be to ſwell the heart of the reader alternately with rage and ſympathy. In addition to the revengeful cruelties of inteſtine diſcord obſerved in civilized countries, and the dread which anarchy for a ſhort time ſpreads among the peaceable in great cities; here a barbarian carnage commenced which no one could calculate the end of. When the rebel generals had acquired the art of war, and began to practiſe it with ſucceſs, ſo as to reduce a town, the ſcene which followed, exceeded in horror every thing that has been related in hiſtory. No ſooner did the victorious ſlaves enter the walls, than an univerſal and indiſcriminate ſlaughter of men, women, and children, began. If a portion of the white people fled towards the ſea ſide, in hopes of finding ſhelter on board of ſhip, their retreat was generally cut off, and the butchery was ſuch as the humane heart cannot bear to be recited.

It may be thought proper to ſay ſomething of the reception of the eighty-five members, whom we noticed to have undertaken a voyage to France, with the laudable view of ſtopping the flames of civil diſcord. They landed at Breſt, and were received with marked honours. Their expences were defrayed, and a ſum raiſed for their future occaſions. This reſpect, however, only ſerved to increaſe the diſappointment they experienced when they reached Paris. Their opponents, the deputies from the aſſembly of the north, had been beforehand with them, who joining with the agents of the governor, had operated ſo powerfully on the mind of M. Barnave, the preſident of the committee for the colonies, that they found their cauſe prejudged, and their conduct condemned without a hearing. In the ſequel, they were even ordered into arreſtation. However mortifying this treatment might have been, thoſe who did not return home had reaſon to conſole themſelves in the end, as they thereby ſaved their lives.

French troops were ſent from time to time to this ill fated iſland, but no ſooner did they arrive than they entered into political queſtions and diſputes. One regiment accuſed another of being enemies to the colony, and traitors to their country. In this way would St. Domingo, have proved a continual running ſore to exhauſt the force of the mother country; but the war with England, and the conſequent deſtruction of the French navy, prevented any conſiderable number of troops being farther ſent out as reinforcements. It was therefore left, like a conflagration of another nature, to exhauſt itſelf by an ungovernable fury.

The perſons who in an eſpecial manner adopted the cauſe of the blacks, were the Abbè Gregoire, Condorcet, La Fayette, and Briſſot: the former, with an almoſt unexampled ſtrain of eloquence, warmed the breaſt of every indifferent perſon who heard him in favour of thoſe oppreſſed people, and, at the ſame time,

time, raiſed a ſtorm of indignation over the heads of the planters. To ſupport this prejudice againſt all concerned in abetting or carrying on the ſlave trade, a tragedy, formed on the ſtory of poor Ogè, was repreſented on the public theatres.

When the deputies predicted at the bar of the convention the utter deſtruction of the colonies, if the people of colour (born of free parents) were to be allowed the privileges of French citizens, Robeſpierre, of notorious memory, then in the zenith of his popularity, exclaimed, "Periſh the colonies, rather than ſacrifice one iota of our principles!"

Thus St. Domingo was committed to its fate. The members of the convention, like all the French in general, were prompt to pull down, but took no pains to raiſe up. The civil war ſpread wider and wider, and became more brutal. Terror and hatred prevailed in every part of the colony. Seizures and confiſcations were, to uſe a hackneyed phraſe, the order of the day; for as the mother country was fully occupied in its own domeſtic concerns, it could ſpare but little time to overlook and controul the tyranny or rapacity of its civil commiſſioners and military commanders.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of the late John Way, Eſq. Cuſtodes Brevium of the Court of King's Bench.

THE origin of Mr. Way was much more obſcure than his ſubſequent ſituation. He was born of very humble parentage, at the town of Bridport, in Dorſetſhire, and his education, which was at a little day-ſchool at the ſame place, was more ſuited to the condition of his parents than the part he was deſtined to ſuſtain in future life. His firſt introduction to ſociety in London was in the character of a domeſtic to Mr. Murray, afterwards earl of Mansfield. It will be recollected by ſome of the elder profeſſors at the bar that when this illuſtrious patron of John Way attained that ſituation the latter was in the humble poſt of crier of the court. He reſerved for his widow 1500l. per annum. To four cauſes his prodigious wealth may be attributed.

At the death of the earl of Mansfield, the following paſſage appeared in the will of that nobleman:—"To my faithful ſervant, John Way, 500l. per annum, requeſting him to do for my ſucceſſors what he has done for me." This was no inconſiderable acquiſition; but he obtained much more by ſome ſucceſsful ſpeculations in the ſtocks. A third ſource of emolument was the lucrative place he held with Lord Stormont, and afterwards with his ſucceſſor. And the fourth, a rigid ſyſtem of economy,

carried into every article and circumſtance of domeſtic arrangement, by which a vaſt accumulation annually accrued.

He married a very accompliſhed and amiable woman, about the year 1764; her name was Poole, and ſhe was the daughter of an attorney at Kenſington. When he reſided at his houſe in Lincoln's-inn-fields, in the winter ſeaſon, he was punctilious in his attendance at the chapel of the Lock Hoſpital, to which inſtitution he left 10,000l. He had been a valetudinarian during the greater part of his life; and for two winters, finding the climate of this iſland too ſevere for him, on the recommendation of his phyſicians he took up his reſidence at Nice. A ſingular circumſtance in the diſpoſition of his property was a legacy of 50,000l. to a gentleman of the ſame name, but who was no relative, and who lived at Denham, a ſhort diſtance from Uxbridge. With the view to ſome apology for this appropriation of ſo large a ſum, he had long endeavoured to diſcover ſome evidence of conſanguinity, but his enquiries were wholly unſucceſsful. He was not only afflicted by a gout fever, but his exiſtence was endangered by water in his cheſt. From the united attack of theſe diſorders, he died at his houſe at Acton. His only project of ambition in public life was, to become the repreſentative of the borough of which he was a native. On this ſubject he conſulted a gentleman, and, we are told, he abandoned the experiment, from a conviction that the pecuniary ſacrifice would overbalance the gratification.

Thoughts on the Loſs of Children and Relations.

By the late Mr. Richardſon, Author of Clariſſa, &c.

THAT popular writer, Mr. Samuel Richardſon, was twice married: his firſt wife was Allington Wilde, his maſter's daughter: ſhe died in 1731. His ſecond was the ſiſter of Mr. James Leake, bookſeller at Bath, with whom he always maintained a very friendly intercourſe: this lady ſurvived him. Of his family, hiſtory, and the many wounds his affectionate nature received in the loſs of thoſe dear to him, he thus ſpeaks, in a letter to Lady Bradſhaw, who had been pleading againſt a melancholy termination to Clariſſa:

"Ah! Madam; and do you thus call upon me!—Forgive an interrupting ſigh, and allow me a ſhort apruption.

"I told you, Madam, that I have been married twice; both times happily: you will gueſs ſo, as to my firſt, when I tell you that I cheriſh the memory of my loſt wife to this hour; and as to the ſecond, when I aſſure you that I can do ſo without derogating from the merits of or being diſallowed by my preſent; who

who ſpeaks of her, on all occaſions, as reſpectfully and affectionately as I do myſelf.

" By my firſt wife, I had five ſons and one daughter; ſome of them living to be delightful prattlers, with all the appearances of ſound health, lively in their features, and promiſing as to their minds; and the death of one of them, I doubt, accelerating, from grief, that of the otherwiſe laudably afflicted mother. I have had by my preſent wife five girls and one boy: I have buried of theſe the promiſing boy and one girl: four girls I have living, all at preſent very good; their mother a true and inſtructing mother to them.

" Thus have I loſt ſix ſons (all my ſons) and two daughters, every one of which, to anſwer your queſtion, I parted with with the utmoſt regret. Other heavy deprivations of friends, very near and very dear, have I alſo ſuffered. I am very ſuſceptible, I will venture to ſay, of impreſſions of this nature. A father, an honeſt, a worthy, father, I loſt by the accident of a broken thigh, ſnapped by a ſudden jirk, endeavouring to recover a ſlip, paſſing through his own yard: my father, whom I attended in every ſtage of his laſt illneſs, I long mourned for. Two brothers, very dear to me, I loſt abroad. A friend more valuable than moſt brothers was taken from me. No leſs than eleven affecting deaths in two years! My nerves were ſo affected with theſe repeated blows, that I have been forced, after trying the whole materia medica, and conſulting many phyſicians, as the only palliative (not a remedy to be expected), to go into a regimen; and for ſeven years paſt have I forborne wine, and fleſh, and fiſh; and, at this time, I and all my family are in mourning for a good ſiſter, with whom neither I would have parted, could I have had my choice. From theſe affecting diſpenſations, will you not allow me, Madam, to remind an unthinking world, immerſed in pleaſures, what a life this is that they are ſo fond of, and to arm them againſt the affecting changes of it?"

Severely tried as he was, he had yet great comfort in his family. His daughters grew up under his tuition, amiable and worthy: they were carefully educated, and engaged his fondeſt affections. It is remarkable that his daughter Anne, whoſe early ill health had often excited his apprehenſions, was the laſt ſurvivor of the family. They were all much employed in writing for him, and tranſcribing his letters; but his chief amanuenſis was his daughter Martha.

On the BLESSINGS *of* PROVIDENCE.

ADORABLE Father of Men! how tender are thy providential cares for our preſervation! With what goodneſs haſt thou diſpenſed to every part of the earth what is neceſſary

for the ſubſiſtence of thy creatures! Thy wiſdom ſaw, before the foundation of the world, the dangers to which the life of man would be continually expoſed; and it has ſo contrived matters, that every where a ſufficiency of nouriſhment is found. It has eſtabliſhed ſuch relations, ſuch connections and communications among the inhabitants of the earth, that the people who are ſeparated by the moſt extenſive ſeas, labour for each other's ſubſiſtence and convenience.

Can we ſufficiently admire and adore the divine providence, which has given us bodies formed in ſuch a way that they are not confined to any particular food, but are able to make uſe of every kind of aliment? Thus, by a goodneſs, which we cannot ſufficiently praiſe, man does not live by bread alone, but by every word (appointment or ordinance) which proceeds from the mouth of God, that is, by every thing which God has ordained nature to produce, to which he has given a nouriſhing virtue. And, becauſe he opens his hand, to ſatisfy the deſire of every living creature, all turn their eyes to him, and expect to receive their proper nouriſhment in due time.

Compaſſionate and merciful Father! Let us praiſe thee with our lateſt breath for the many bleſſings and means of ſubſiſtence with which thy liberal hand has ſupplied us!

AN ANECDOTE.

MR. HORNE, the father of the late celebrated Dr. George Horne, lord biſhop of Norwich, was of ſo very quiet and mild a temper, that he ſtudiouſly avoided giving trouble upon any occaſion. This he carried ſo far, that when his ſon George (afterwards the biſhop) was an infant, he uſed to wake him with playing upon a flute, that the change from ſleeping to awaking might be gradual and pleaſant, and not produce any outcry. What impreſſion this early cuſtom made upon his temper we cannot ſay: but certainly he was remarkable, as he grew up, for a tender feeling of muſic, eſpecially that of the church of England, of which he was a diſtinguiſhed ornament, for piety, ability, and learning.

QUERIES, *by A. B. C.*

HAS not the univerſity of Cambridge a privilege of conferring the degree of bachelor of divinity on a perſon who enters at a certain age, without keeping the terms otherwiſe required by ſtatute? If ſo, what is the age required for entering, as well as the time requiſite for taking the degree? In what book may a particular account of the above be found?

Anſwer, by T. Jarvis, of Malborough, to S. L. Margary's Charade, inſerted Auguſt 6.

BASKING beneath the SUN's meridian ray,
Myriads of living creatures ſport and play;
The FISH that friſk along the briny ſtream,
Enjoy the power of his all-cheering beam:
While all that ſwim, or fly, or graze the ſod,
Proclaim alike their great Creator, God!

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. T. Symons, W. Commins, J. Squance, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; J. Ball, of Taunton; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; R. Mudge, of Aſhburton; J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes; and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot.

Anſwer, by A. Kyne, Jun. of Dartmouth, to P. Gove's Charade, inſerted Aug. 13.

YE Gallic ſlaves, ye haughty, faithleſs hoſt,
Who threaten to invade Britannia's coaſt,
Know that our brave JACK TARS defy your ill,
And free-born Britons die or conquer ſtill

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; C. of Everſhot; G. Hann, jun. and G. Holland, of Stoke Abbot; R. Holwell, J. T. Symons, W. Strong, W. Commins, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; J. Channon, Ottery; and W. Bickham, jun. and Inamoratus, of Aſhburton.

A CHARADE, *by Juba, of Mevagiſſey.*

GO ſearch the ſhepherd's fleecy train,
'Tis there my *firſt* is found;
A portion next, ye bards, diſplay,
And then, my whole is found.

A REBUS, *by J. Squance, of Exeter.*

POETIC bards, a fruit eſteem'd explain;
And next a flow'r that decks Britannia's plain;
E'er may my third within each breaſt reſide;
To drive my laſt, that kin to baneful pride:
Theſe few initials join'd will, Sirs, explore,
A city fam'd on India's ſultry ſhore:
Where purling ſtreams do all its ſtreets adorn,
Commerce to aid, and to refreſh the morn.

An ENIGMA, *by Primroſe, of Taunton.*

WHEN ſummer, in its gayeſt garb appears,
And blooming gems adorn the gay parterres;
Then as you ſeek the ſweet, umbrageous grove,
Or if thro' flowery meads you chance to rove,
There me behold, reſplendent, gay, and bright,
In ſearch of every bliſs and new delight;
In milk-white colours am I ſometimes ſeen,
Trimm'd with a ſhining gold and lovely green;
While bright vermillion hues aſſiſtance lend,
And with the Tyrian dye their beauties blend:
Blithſome I ſport the cheerful hours away,
And revel in the warmth of Sol's bright ray;
Nectareous ſweets do I unaſk'd enjoy,
And conſtant paſtime is my ſole employ.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Addreſs to my dear little Nephew. J. F. M———.

AH! know'ſt thou not, ſweet innocent!
How ſhort, alas! is joy's extent!
How ſoon the peace thou ſhar'ſt now
Muſt vaniſh from thy infant brow,
And yield thee up to care?

Ah! no! Deluded art thou ſtill,
And blind to ſublunary ill;
To thee will ſorrow be unknown,
'Till reaſon mounts her brilliant throne,
And tells thee—what is man.

Yet if my humble pray'rs avail,
No torments ſhall thy life aſſail;
But mental peace, and virtuous love,
From thee each gloomy care remove,
And crown thy days with bliſs.

Sweet roſe-bud! May the zephyr's wing,
To thee freſh health and vigour bring!
May genial ſhow'rs aſſiſt thy bloom,
And bleſs thee with a rich perfume
Of virtue and of grace.

In life's meridian may we find
(Unruffl'd by each adverſe wind),
Thy beauteous bloſſom ſpreading wide,
Thy parents' and thy country's pride,
Lov'd, honour'd, and rever'd.

And when thy deſtin'd ſpan is paſt,
Mayſt thou drop off in peace at laſt;
And wafted to thy native ſkies,
'Midſt ſcenes of endleſs pleaſures riſe
In everlaſting bloom.

Dock. PALEMON.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

HENRY's COMPLAINT.

AH! whither ſhall I rove? Ah! whither ſtray,
To vent the ſorrow from my grief-worn heart?
Where meet ſerenity's benignant ray,
To calm my trouble, and aſſuage my ſmart?
Alas! for me no kind relief is nigh,
To eaſe the torture that pervades my breaſt:
No pitying voice, no tender, heaving ſigh,
To ſoothe my pain, and give my boſom reſt.
But gloomy thoughts my ſprings of life impair,
And fill my breaſt with miſery and deſpair.

Ungrateful

Ungrateful Laura! vile, infidious maid!
To fan the flame, and tamper with my joy;
Why eafe the rankling wound your beauty made,
Then blaft my hopes, and all my blifs deftroy?
Ere thee I faw, gay pafs'd my youthful hours,
Nor grief, nor anguifh did my breaft alarm;
But fportive fancy ftrew'd my way with flowers,
And mirth and pleafure lent their powers to charm.
But thefe are fled, my joys are now no more,
Nor can their charms my wonted peace reftore.

By fome meandering, gentle, murmuring ftream,
Alone, and penfive, I intend to ftray;
Or by pale Cynthia's melancholy beam,
Thro' dreary groves will bend my lonely way;
There pour my plaint on echo's liff'ning ear;
There breathe my fighs in filence to the gale;
There from my eyes diftil the hamid tear,
And murmur to the wilds my plaintive tale.
'Till Heaven in mercy bids my forrow ceafe,
And wafts my foul to realms of laffing peace.

London, September, 1804. J. PASCAL.

ADDRESS *to the* PEN.

ALL hail! thou kind foother of numberlefs woes,
Which, in life's early day, my companion I chofe;
Which, to life's lateft gafp, I fhall ever regard
For its boldeft exertions, the mind's great reward!
The world, without thee, ftill untaught might remain,
And the fons of philofophy labour in vain!
Contracted, indeed, without thee, were the fame
Attending the hero's and patriot's name.
Thy worth, in mankind's individual fphere,
Friends, parents, and kindred, are bound to revere;
For, tho' doom'd e'en thro' life in our perfons to fever,
The intelligent mind may find comfort for ever.
What is it that lofters the parting of thofe
In whofe bofom the fondeft affection e'er glows?
What is it the heart-bleeding lover can cheer,
When torn from the object to him the moft dear?
When oceans, loud roaring, between them may roll,
And when diftant, perhaps, as each globular pole;
What is it infpires him, again and again,
But hope's welcome prop and preferver—the *pen*?
'Tis a ne'er ceafing fource of amufement and joy;
'Tis a blifs, 'tis a treafure, that never can cloy:
It enlivens a defert, gives vigour to health,
And in poverty proves e'en a fpecies of wealth;
It is, whether flowly or quickly time rolls,
The indiffolvable tie of congenial fouls.

G. B.

Lines written by a young Gentleman during a fevere Illnefs.

WHY droops my foul, and to defpair refign'd,
Yield the once boaffed vigour of my mind?
What is this life? A tranfitory hour
Of pain or pleafure paft—then felt no more;
"For not to man perfection e'er was giv'n;
"Perfection is the attribute of Heaven."